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# Practical Instructions for Private Theatricals

By W. D. EMERSON

Author of "A Country Romance," "The Unknown Rival,"  
"Humble Pie," etc.

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Price, 25 cents

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Here is a practical hand-book, describing in detail all the accessories, properties, scenes and apparatus necessary for an amateur production. In addition to the descriptions in words, everything is clearly shown in the numerous pictures, more than one hundred being inserted in the book. No such useful book has ever been offered to the amateur players of any country.

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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

# MY MEXICAN ROSE

A PLAYLET IN ONE ACT

BY

KATHERINE KAVANAUGH

CHICAGO

THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

**SEÑORITA CARLOTA VALQUEZ.**

**GUADALUPE,** Carlota's duena.

**JACK NESBIT,** an American.

**LUIS PASCUAL,** Carlota's cousin.

Copyright, 1912, by the Dramatic Publishing Company.

Plays about twenty minutes.

# MY MEXICAN ROSE

*am 10/6/1911*

SCENE.—*Patio of the house of SENORITA VALQUEZ. In center of stage a small flower garden. Two steps R. leading off between 2nd and 3rd wings. A table and chair R. Bench or seat L. Low wall running across in rear, with gate in center. Arrange lights to throw late afternoon sunlight effect on garden.*

Curtain music: A Spanish air.

*At rise of curtain CARLOTA is discovered at gate. She is a girl of twenty years, wears a simple becoming gown of white, with red rose in her hair behind left ear. GUADALUPE, an old Spanish woman, seated at table R. knitting lace.]*

[CARLOTA slightly changes her position at gate and softly sighs.]

GUADALUPE. [Looking up.] Santa Maria, Carlota Mio, is it ever to be sighs and tears? Where hast all thy brightness flown?

CARLOTA. [Comes slowly toward bench L. as she speaks.] Guadalupe, do you recall how many days remain to me of freedom? [Sits.]

GUADALUPE. But one, my little Carlota. Don Luis comes tomorrow to claim you as his bride.

CARLOTA. Tomorrow is the day, but he will come ahead of time, you see. Something tells me he will be here today.

GUADALUPE. It was your father's will that he be your husband on your twentieth birthday—if you had not found another before that time.

CARLOTA. [Dreamily.] If I had not found another! Guadalupe, did you ever hear of anyone falling in love with a person she did not know?

GUADALUPE. Santa Maria, how could that be?

CARLOTA. Every day for the past week a man has stopped out there [Points toward gate.] to water his horse. Sometimes he sings a bit of song, sometimes he speaks

kindly to his horse, and—and—sometimes he gazes up at the windows of this house. I have seen him through the lattice every day. [GUADALUPE starts in dismay.] Ah, but he has not seen me. Guadalupe, I think I love that man.

GUADALUPE. [Raising her hands in horror.] Saints in Heaven, hear her!

CARLOTA. Today when he stops to water his horse, I am going to speak to him.

GUADALUPE. No, no, Senorita; that is impossible. You must not do it.

CARLOTA. But I will. My cousin Luis comes tomorrow to claim me for his wife, according to the will of my father. I hate my cousin Luis. I will never be his wife.

GUADALUPE. Then your entire fortune—even this house—will become the property of Luis Pascual.

CARLOTA. I do not care. Let the property go. I can be happy without it, but I could never be happy as Luis' wife.

JACK. [Heard singing outside the gate. He sings in a careless manner, as if his mind were more on attending to his horse.] Oh, it's all r-right in the sum-mertime, In the summer-time, it's l-lovely—

CARLOTA. [Starts to her feet.] Listen, 'tis he, my Americano. My guitar quick.

[GUADALUPE takes up guitar from table, gives it to Carlota, who returns to bench, and accompanying herself on the guitar, sings a few lines from a Spanish love song.]

JACK. [Appears at gate.] I beg your pardon—may I have a cup of water.

CARLOTA. Si, senior. Guadalupe.

[GUADALUPE places her knitting on table, goes off by way of steps R., waving her hands, and shaking her head.]

CARLOTA. [Crosses to R., lays her guitar on table.] Won't you come in, Senor, and rest?

JACK. [Enters. He wears picturesque riding suit.] Thanks. [Comes down L. c.] Do you know I've been trying to get in here for a week?

CARLOTA. Indeed, Senor? And why?

JACK. You see—I've passed here often—in fact—well,

to tell the truth I go several miles out of my way to pass here; you see—I—I admire the—the flowers so much.

CARLOTA. And are there no other flowers in all Mexico, Señor?

JACK. [Goes closer to her.] None like the ones that grow here. That's a pretty one you have in your hair. [Touching the rose.] So many Spanish girls wear a rose right there. Why?

CARLOTA. Behind the left ear before they are engaged; behind the right ear afterward.

JACK. Do you know, I think it would look much more effective behind the right ear. Let's change it. [Reaches for rose.]

CARLOTA. [Drawing back.] No, no, Señor. I'm not engaged—yet.

JACK. Please let me. I want to see how you'll look when you are engaged.

GUADALUPE. [Enters with glass of water.] Your drink, Señor.

JACK. Oh, yes; thanks. I forgot I was thirsty. [Takes glass and drinks, returns glass to GUADALUPE. Exit GUADALUPE, R.]

CARLOTA. I have observed you many times passing this way, Señor.

JACK. Really? Well, I saw you for the first time a week ago, and I've been trying ever since to see you again.

CARLOTA. But why, Señor?

JACK. [Close to her.] Don't you know? It was love at first sight with me, little girl. [Tries to take her hand.]

CARLOTA. [Draws away.] Oh, no, Señor; I do not even know your name.

JACK. It's Nesbit—Jack Nesbit, of New York. What's yours?

CARLOTA. Carlota Valquez.

JACK. That's a pretty name—but I think Carlota Nesbit sounds better.

CARLOTA. I wonder if I dare to ask you one very great favor, Señor Nesbit?

JACK. If you'll only call me Jack I'll be your slave for life.

CARLOTA. You cannot mean that.

JACK. I do, so help me.

CARLOTA. Then listen, Senor Jack. I am going to take you at your word. First, I must ask you—oh, it is so terrible—I'm confused—I cannot—I blush, Senor. [Turns from him in confusion.]

JACK. Do it again. No, no, I mean—don't mind me—ask anything.

CARLOTA. [Turns to him.] Are you married, Senor?

JACK. [Astonished.] No, I don't think so—no, no, I know I'm not; in fact, I feel quite sure of it.

CARLOTA. Oh, I'm so glad. You can stay here and be my husband.

JACK. What! Hush—if it's a dream don't wake me.

CARLOTA. [Begins to laugh.] Oh, it's so funny.

JACK. Is it?

CARLOTA. You do not understand. I have not explained. You are to be my husband, but not really.

JACK. Oh, then, I ain't going to play. [Pretends to pout.]

CARLOTA. [Goes up behind him, touches his arm.] Just make believe, you understand? You do not even kiss me.

JACK. [Turns and takes her hand.] Oh, no, I'm not that kind of a husband.

CARLOTA. Only take my hand perhaps, so that he, Luis, will think it is real. But come, sit beside me; we have much to arrange before he arrives. [Crosses to L. and sits on bench.]

JACK. [Sits beside her.] He? Who's he?

CARLOTA. I will tell you, and when you know all you won't go away and leave me, will you?

JACK. Seventeen thousand horses couldn't drag me away.

CARLOTA. Tomorrow, Senor Jack, is my birthday—my twentieth.

JACK. Really? You don't look it.

CARLOTA. Be serious. When my father died he willed that I might marry some one of my own choosing before that day arrived. If not, I was to marry my cousin, Luis Pascual, whom I hate.

JACK. So do I.

CARLOTA. If, being still unmarried, I refuse my cousin, he is to inherit all my property. I will be penniless.

JACK. Well, don't you care; I've got plenty. [Kisses her hand.]

CARLOTA. Be serious, Señor.

JACK. Leave off that "señor," and I will.

CARLOTA. Jack, will you help me?

JACK. Only tell me what you want me to do?

CARLOTA. Today my cousin comes from Cortes. He will ask me to marry him. Oh, I have been beside myself all day, thinking of it.

JACK. Now that I'm beside you, it's all right.

CARLOTA. I knew—I hoped you would pass at this hour. When I heard your song, I answered. Your face, Señor, it is so good and honest.

JACK. Is that the best you can say of it?

CARLOTA. I thought that you would help me.

JACK. Carlota, you are the most beautiful thing in the world when you look like that. I will do anything under the sun you ask of me.

CARLOTA. When Luis comes, could we not pretend that we are married?

JACK. Pretend nothing. We will be. Where's the nearest Padre. [Is about to start off, reaches c. of stage.]

CARLOTA. [Rises, follows JACK to c., catches his hand.] No, you must not leave me. He might come before you returned and that would spoil all. We will pretend until my cousin Luis has gone back to Cortes.

JACK. All right, we'll pretend until he goes; after that we'll look up the Padre. But don't forget to call me Jack. You had better start right away so you'll be in practice, don't you think so?

CARLOTA. Yes, Jack.

JACK. [Takes ring from his little finger.] Here, we've got to have a ring. I never met a girl yet who would pretend about the ring. [Places ring on her finger, raises her hand and kisses it. Is about to draw her into his arms when LUIS appears at gate.]

LUIS. [Calls in angry tone.] Carlota!

CARLOTA. Luis! [Goes R. C.]

JACK. Oh, look who's here. [Goes L. C.]

LUIS. [Comes down c.] Carlota, what does this mean? Have you lost all sense of modesty; are you quite abandoned? [Turns to JACK.] As for you, Senor—

JACK. Well, what have you got up your sleeve for me?

LUIS. You are an Americano.

JACK. Well, that's nothing to be ashamed of.

LUIS. You are not one of our people; you do not understand the customs of our country.

JACK. What's that got to do with the situation?

LUIS. Senorita Valquez is my betrothed.

JACK. You're mistaken, my friend; this lady is my wife.

LUIS. What! Carlota, can this be true?

CARLOTA. Senor Nesbit speaks the truth, Luis.

LUIS. So you have tricked me. You have brought me here on a fool's errand.

JACK. Well, like a nice little fool, you can go back again.

LUIS. You are a scheming villain, Senor; you not only rob me of the woman of my choice, but you deprive me of the lands and property that should rightfully be mine.

JACK. Ah, there's where the shoe pinches, eh?

CARLOTA. You forget yourself, Luis. By my father's will I could marry whom I chose before my twentieth birthday. Senor Nesbit is the man of my choice, and the only one in the world I would have for my husband. This is my house; my husband is master here. It were best for all of us if you would return at once to Cortes.

LUIS. So I am ordered back to where I came from, eh? So be it. I go, but I leave behind me my curses—may you both be—

JACK. [Raises his hand.] Don't say it, Pascual; never swear in the presence of a lady. And you needn't leave any curses behind you—they wouldn't have any effect—see, I've got my fingers crossed. [Holds up hand.]

LUIS. [Goes quickly to gate, turns and speaks angrily.] Adois, Carlota; you will never see me again. [Exit.]

JACK. That's pleasant news. [To CARLOTA.] Have you any regrets, Carlota? [Holds out his arms to her.]

CARLOTA. [Comes to him.] None, Senor.

JACK. Then let us turn this pleasant make-believe into a reality.

CARLOTA. But it was to be only for today, Senor.

JACK. It is to be for all time, Carlota. I knew it the first day I saw you. Can't you learn to care for me?

CARLOTA. [Turns from him.] I'm afraid not, Senor.

JACK. I'm sorry. What's the reason?

CARLOTA. [Slyly.] Because one cannot learn what one already knows. I care now, Jack.

JACK. [Takes her in his arms.] You little sinner.

CARLOTA. But that is not a pretty pet name; can't you find a better one?

JACK. Yes, I'll call you "My Mexican Rose."

CURTAIN

# Diamonds and Hearts

## A Comedy Drama in Three Acts

By EFFIE W. MERRIMAN

Price, 25 cents

This play has become one of the most popular in America. The good plot, the strong "heart" interest, and the abundant comedy all combine to make a most excellent drama. "Bub" Barnes is a fine character of the Josh Whitcomb type, and his sister is a worthy companion "bit." Sammy is an excruciatingly funny little darkey. The other characters are good. Fine opportunity for introducing specialties. The play has so many good points that it never fails to be a success.

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

BERNICE HALSTEAD, a young lady of eighteen, with an affection of the heart, a love for fun and hatred of arithmetic.....  
AMY HALSTEAD, her sister, two years younger, fond of frolic  
INFZ GRAY, a young lady visitor, willing to share in the fun....  
MRS. HALSTEAD, a widow, and stepmother of the Halstead girls  
HANNAH MARY BARNES, or "Sis," a maiden lady who keeps house for her brother .....

DWIGHT BRADLEY, a fortune hunter and Mrs. Halstead's son by a former marriage.....

DR. BURTON, a young physician.....

SAMMY, the darkey bell-boy in the Halstead house.....

ABRAHAM BARNES, or "Bub," a yankee farmer, still unmarried at forty—a diamond in the rough.....

ATTORNEY; SHERIFF .....

Time of playing, two hours.

Two interior scenes. Modern costumes.

### SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS

**Act 1.** Parlor of the Halstead home. The young doctor. The three girls plot to make his acquaintance. An affection of the heart. "Easy to fool a young doctor," but not so easy after all. The stepmother and her son. The stolen diamonds. The missing will. Plot to win Bernice. "I would not marry Dwight Bradley for all the wealth the world contains." Driven from home.

**Act 2.** Kitchen of the Barnes' farm house. Bub takes off his boots. The new school ma'am. "Supper's ready." "This is our nephew and he's a doctor." Recognition. A difficult problem in arithmetic. The doctor to the rescue. "I'm just the happiest girl in the world." "I've come to pop the question, an' why don't I do it?" Brother and sister. "If it's a heifer, it's teh be mine." The sheriff. Arrested for stealing the diamonds. "Let me knock yer durned head off." The jewels found in Bernice's trunk.

**Act 3.** Parlor of the Halstead home. "That was a lucky stroke — hiding those diamonds in her trunk." The schemer's plot miscarries. Abe and Sammy join hands. The lawyer. "Bully for her." Bradley tries to escape. "No, ye don't!" Arrested. "It means, dear, that you are to be persecuted no more." Wedding presents, and a war dance around them. "It is no trick at all to fool a young doctor."

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# Santiago

OR

## For the Red, White and Blue

### A War Drama in Four Acts

By JOHN A. FRASER

Price, 25 cents

#### CHARACTERS

Capt. Oscar Hutton, U. S. A.	In love with Cora..Leading Juvenile
Lieut. Fisk, U. S. A.	In love with his duty.....Juvenile bit
Milton Merry, U. S. N.	In love with Bess.....Light Comedy
Lieut. Cristobal, S. A.	In love with soldiering.....Straight
Dr. Harrison, Red Cross H. S.	In love with surgery.....Straight
Elmer Walton, banker.	In love with Spanish bonds.....Character old man
Phillip Bassett, his stepson.	In love with Ysobel.....Juvenile
Fernando Diaz, Walton's cashier, afterwards S. A.	In love with Cora ..Heavy
Beverly Brown, Walton's butler, afterwards Red Cross H. S.	In love with chickens.....Negro Comedy
Cornelius Dwyer, Walton's coachman, afterwards U. S. A.	In love with "Naygurs".....Irish Comedy
Antonio Carlos, a Cuban planter.	In love with Spain.....Character old man
Cora Bassett, Walton's stepdaughter.	In love with Oscar..Juvenile
Bess Walton, Walton's daughter.	In love with Milton.....Ingenue
Ysobel Carlos, Antonio's daughter.	In love with Phillip....Juvenile
American Soldiers, American Sailors, Spanish Soldiers, Guerillas.	

Actual time of playing, two hours.

#### 'SYNOPSIS

ACT I. The ball at Walton's, Washington, D. C. Handsome Interior.

ACT II. The Red Cross Hospital. First day's battle of Santiago. Exterior.

ACT III. Scene 1.—Interior Guerilla headquarters in the Sierra Cobra, near Santiago. Scene 2.—Exterior. The underbrush of Sierra Cobra. Scene 3.—Fight in the mountain pass, second day's battle of Santiago. Exterior.

ACT IV. Hotel Tacon, Santiago, on the night of the surrender. Interior.

NOTE.—Walton, Dr. Harrison and Carlos may double easily, and the piece played with nine males, three females.

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# **Joe Ruggles**

OR

## **THE GIRL MINER**

**A Comedy Drama in Four Acts**

By FRANK J. DEAN

**Price, 25 cents**

Nine male, three female characters. A vigorous, stirring play, depicting peculiar types of life in a large city and in the mining districts of the West. The parts of Joe Ruggles, the miner, Hans Von Bush (Dutch dialect), and Richard Hamilton, the scheming villain, all afford opportunity for clever work; while the part of Madge (soubrette), who afterwards assumes the character of Mark Lynch, is an excellent one for a bright young actress.

Scenery—City street, showing R. R. Station; rocky pass, with set cabins; a wood scene, and two plain interiors. Costumes of the day. Time of playing, two and a half hours.

### **SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS**

#### **ACT I En'rance to Railroad Station**

Looking for a victim—Joe Ruggles—"Them galoots is worse than grizzlies"—"Morning papers"—Madge and Bess plying their trades—"Can't you sing Joe a song?"—Hamilton and his pal confer—Tom Howarth gains important information—"Don't you dare to lay hands on us!"—Hamilton tries to maintain his authority—"Who? Old Joe!"

#### **ACT II—Doomsday's Hotel, Dare-devil's Gulch, California**

The landlord secures a guest—Hans disappointed—"Dot is a mis-dake"—A ghost story—The "Kid and his sister"—"Did I hurt your highness?"—Hans and Doomsday have another talk—Kate Laurel meets the young miner—"Yah, dot vas vot I t'inks"—Madge's disguise penetrated—She recognizes an old enemy—"Now, George Smith, take your chooice"—Joe Ruggles as a tramp—"Ef yer think yer can pick on me because I'm han'some ye'll find me ter hum"—Hamilton appears—"Those two youngsters are mine"—The tramp takes a hand.

#### **ACT III—Wood Scene**

A lively ghost—Hamilton and Smith plan more villainy—Old Joe thinks of turning Detective—Kate Laurel again—"There is a secret connected with my life"—Kate's confession—"What do you mean, sir?"—Tom Howarth once more—"Vos you looking for a hotel?"—Planning an abduction—Old Joe as an Irishman—"Phat does yez want wid me?"—Undertakes to be a detective—Takes a hand in the abduction—"Do it at your peril."

#### **ACT IV**

Hans hears, and tells, the latest news—"I nefer believed dot spook peesness"—Kate Laurel astonished—Hamilton attempts flight—"De poys haf got Mr. Hamilton, und dey vill gif him a necktie party"—Arrest of Smith—"Get out mit my vay, I vas de United States Mail"—Tom meets his old friend under new circumstances—"Do you want me, Tom?"—Old Joe gives consent—A happy ending.

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# The Outcast's Daughter A Drama in Four Acts

By MARION EDDY PRICE, 25 CENTS

Ten male, five female and one child characters. Plays two and one-half hours. Modern costumes. Three interior, one exterior scenes, all easily arranged where there is any scenery at hand. No stronger melodrama has been given the play-loving public. Full of the strongest appealing heart interest, intense, pathetic, real life, where joy and laughter are mingled with pathos and suffering, but all ending happily. A melodrama without a villain or the use of firearms. Amateurs may play it successfully, it plays itself, and it is adapted to strong repertoire companies.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS

Carl Faber.....	An ex-convict
Howard Ross.....	A manufacturer
Dennis Hogan.....	Servant to Ross
Abel .....	Gardener to Ross
Judge Havens.....	Of the police court
Recorder .....	Of the police court
Lettner .....	Clerk of police court
Second Court Clerk.....	Clerk of police court
Two policemen .....	
Little Hugo.....	Agatha's child
Agatha Steme .....	Ross' bookkeeper
Ida Rheinhold.....	A retired singer
Mrs. Wilmuth.....	A washerwoman
Katie .....	Factory girl
Frances .....	Factory girl

## SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

**Act 1.** Ross' private office. "What has given me the honor of this visit?" "I will never sing again. My life has been a sad failure." "Good God! My mother!" "I have done wrong, I confess, but when a mother asks, a child must forgive. Oh, Mr. Ross, help me." "You, my rich and famous mother, to you I was nothing, and you—you are nothing—nothing to me." "Agatha! Agatha! My child! My child!"

**Act 2.** Agatha's attic. "My poor father. So young and strong. How I could have loved him." "Yes, Katie is right, I have nothing but bread for my sweet child." "Madam, I would lie if I say she was anything but a lady." "On the other side, towards the garden, there are a few rooms I have never used. If you will take them—" "You do not look like a man who could commit murder. How was it?" "I was a weak man and many misfortunes made me desperate." "My picture! I must be mad." "You are good, child, but you shall not call me father." "Father! Father!"

**Act 3.** Ross' Garden. "He is so good to me, but I cannot forget my poor unhappy father." "The picture was taken when I was young. He shall have it." "Stay here and be my wife." "That suspicious old man is in the garden." "For her I sacrificed everything." "Do you want to go to prison again?" "My father needs me to defend and comfort him."

**Act 4.** A Police Court. "Do not ask me, your honor—I am an ex-convict." "Your silence will not help you." "It was dark und Mrs. Steme vas that scared she vas faint." "I hope, sor, yer honor believes in a future life, sor." "He wished to see his child; I am his child." "Grandfather, we love you." "I am his wife. Do not condemn him."

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# Tompkin's Hired Man

A Drama

in Three Acts

By EFFIE W. MERRIMAN

PRICE, 25 CENTS

This is a strong play. No finer character than Dixey, the hired man, has ever been created in American dramatic literature. He compels alternate laughter and tears, and possesses such quaint ways and so much of the milk of human kindness, as to make him a favorite with all audiences. The other male characters make good contrasts: Tompkins, the prosperous, straightforward farmer; Jerry, the country bumpkin, and Remington, the manly young American. Mrs. Tompkins is a strong old woman part; Julia, the spoiled daughter; Louise, the leading juvenile, and Ruth, the romping soubrette, are all worthy of the best talent. This is a fine play of American life; the scene of the three acts being laid in the kitchen of Tompkin's farm house. The settings are quite elaborate, but easy to manage, as there is no change of scene. We strongly recommend "Tompkin's Hired Man" as a sure success.

## CHARACTERS

Asa Tompkins—A prosperous farmer who cannot tolerate deceit.

Dixey—The hired man, and one of nature's noblemen.

John Remington—A manly young man in love with Louise.

Jerry—A half-grown, awkward country lad.

Mrs. Tompkins—A woman with a secret that embitters her.

Julia—A spoiled child, the only daughter born to Mr. and Mrs. Tompkins.

Louise—The daughter whom Mr. Tompkins believes to be his own.

Ruth—Mr. Tompkin's niece, and a great romp.

Plays about two hours.

## SYNOFSIS

**Act 1.** Sewing carpet rags. "John and I are engaged." "Well, you can disengage yourself, for you'll never be married." "Mrs. Clark, she's took worse." Who makes the cake? Julia declines to sew carpet rags. "It would ruin my hands for the piano or my painting." Dixey to the rescue. "You take the rags a minute, child, and I'll just give that fire a boost." Dixey's story. "It breaks his heart, but he gives her away, an' he promises never teh let her know as how he's her father." Enter Jerry. "Howdy." John gets a situation in the city. Farewell. "It's a dandy scheme, all the same. We'll have our party in spite of Aunt Sarah." "Oh, I'm so happy." The quartette. Curtain.

**Act 2.** Chopping mince meat. The letter. Louise faints. "How dare you read a paper that does not concern you?" "You have robbed me of my father's love." The mother's story. Dinner. "I swan, I guess I set this table with a pitchfork." "Now, Lambkin, tell Dixey all 'bout it, can't yer?" "It looks zif they'd got teh be a change here purty darned quick, an' zif I'm the feller 'lectet teh bring it 'bout." "None o' my bizness, I know, but—I am her father!" "It's love the leetle one wants, not money." "If I'd been a man, I'd never given my leetle gal away." "I'm dead sot on them two prop'sitions." Curtain.

**Act 3.** Dixey builds the fire. "Things hain't so dangerous when everybody's got his stummick full." The telegram. "It means that Louise is my promised wife." "By what right do you insinuate that there has been treachery under this roof?" "A miserable, dirty, little waif, picked up on the streets, and palmed off upon my father as his child!" "Oh, my wife, your attitude tells a story that breaks my heart." "Yeh drove her to do what she did, an' yeh haint got no right teh blame her now." "Friend Tompkins, a third man has taken our leetle gal an' we've both got teh larn teh git along without her. We kin all be happy in spite o' them two sentimental kids." Curtain.

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# Uncle Rube

## An Original Homestead Play in Four Acts

By CHARLES TOWNSEND

### The Finest Rural Drama Ever Published

Price, 25 cents

#### CHARACTERS

RUBEN RODNEY (Uncle Rube), Justice of the Peace, School Trustee, and a master hand at "swappin' hosses".....Character lead  
SIMON SMARLEY, a smooth and cunning old villain.....Character heavy  
MARK, his son, a promising young rascal.....Straight heavy  
GORDON GRAY, a popular young artist.....Juvenile lead  
UPSON ASTERBILT, an up-to-date New York dude.....Character comedy  
IKE, the hired man, "I want ter know!".....Eccentric  
BUB GREEN, a comical young rustic.....Low comedy  
BILL TAPPAN, a country constable.....Comedy  
MILLICENT LEE, "the pretty school teacher".....Juvenile lady  
MRS. MARTHA BUNN, a charming widow....Character comedy  
TAGGS, a waif from New York.....Soubrette  
Time—Mid Autumn. Place—Vermont.

Time of playing—Two hours and a quarter.

#### SYNOPSIS

ACT I. The Old Homestead. Uncle Rube arrives.  
ACT II. The Constable's office. The plot to ruin Uncle Rube.  
ACT III. Evening at the old farm. Uncle Rube is arrested.  
ACT IV. The Constable's office again. The old farmer wins!

This play was written by one of the most popular of American dramatists, whose works have sold by the hundreds of thousands. One of the best plays of its class ever written. Splendid characters. Powerful climaxes. Bright wit. Merry humor. Very easy to produce. Requires only three scenes. No shifts of scenery during any act. Costumes all modern. No difficult properties required.

#### THE AUTHOR'S OPINION

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